

Sagash

Day Room

SAQUISH STORY

by

HARRIET B. HAMILTON

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"LOW TIDE"

FOREWORD

My little story of early Saquish is at last completed. Many duties and a procrastinating nature have caused me to take much too long a time writing it.

I have included a copy of the title abstract, given to us by Mr. Homer, from whom we bought our house. You will see that the first recorded land transfer was in 1651 - just thirty-one years after the landing of the Pilgrims.

It is obvious that conditions and problems of early Saquish settlers were similar to those of Plymouth colonists - only Saquish people had the added difficulty of transportation.

What changes have taken place in less than three hundred and fifty years and what marvels they accomplished through faith in God and hard work!

I wish to thank Mrs. Edward Penniman, now a resident of Florida, for so graciously allowing me to use the information she had about early life at Saquish. We have owned our Saquish property for nearly forty years, but have lived too far away to visit it as often as we wished. Therefore, I deeply appreciate Mrs. Penniman's kindness.

And now I regret having to conclude this little story on a sad note, with the announcement of the passing of Gertrude Clemons Rushton on June 10, 1962. Of course, it is not news to anyone, but must be included.

It was her great desire that someone should write an account of early Saquish while sources were still available. Though lacking both time and ability, I have tried to do this, aided by her encouragement and confidence.

Mrs. Rushton loved Saquish dearly, as we all know, and she will live always in our hearts and memories.

Wanda 1968

Abstract of the Title

Katie L. Crowell - Premises on Saquish, Plymouth, Mass.

Originally called "The Island of Sagaquis".

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<u>Grantor</u>	<u>Grantee</u>	<u>Date</u>	<u>Remarks</u>
Edward Bangs	Manassa Kempton	1651	All of marsh
Manassa Kempton	Ephriam Morton (son-in-law)		
Heirs of E. Morton	Elisha Doten	1725	
Elisha Doten	Robert Bartlett	1741	7/8 of upland with beach
Robert Bartlett	Benjamin Hanks	1742	
Benjamin Hanks	Dr. Lazarus Le Baron	1746	All upland
Dr. Lazarus Le Baron	Zebdiel Weston	1774	
Z. Weston	Samuel Bartlett	1778	
Samuel Bartlett	Lemuel Morton	1779	(Nephew of Le Baron)

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Lemuel Morton	Nathaniel Burgess	May 10, 1781	Upland Beach
Nathaniel Burgess	Lemuel Morton	May 11, 1781	Upland Beach
Lemuel Morton	Samuel Jackson	1790	Upland Beach
Samuel Jackson	John Taylor	1791	Upland Beach
John Taylor	Nathaniel Burgess	1793	Upland Beach
N. Burgess	Samuel, Betsy & Caroline Burgess	1856 (will)	Upland Beach
Heirs of Betsy Burgess	Samuel Burgess	1857	Upland Beach
Heirs of Caroline Burgess	Samuel Burgess	1868	Upland Beach
Samuel Burgess	Daniel Burgess	(will)	Upland Beach
Daniel Burgess	Samuel P. Burgess	(will)	Upland Beach
Samuel P. Burgess	Katie L. Crowell	1902	Part of above
Katie L. Crowell	James R. Homer	1915	Part of above
James R. Homer	Peter D. G. Hamilton	1929	Part of above

## FROM THESE BEGINNINGS

Have you ever wondered how Saquish looked to the little band of Pilgrims, who cruised along the coast one cold snowy day in December 1620? They left the Mayflower anchored in Plymouth Bay, and set out in a small shallop to look for a favorable place to make their new home. They saw three islands; Saquish, the Gurnet, and Clark's Island.

Their little boat struggled through a narrow channel which separated Saquish from the Gurnet, and approached Clark's Island. The story goes that the mate, Mr. Clark, in his zeal to be first to land, leaped ashore and fell flat. Grasping a handful of mud, he claimed the island for King James, and named it Clark's Island. And so it has been called ever since.

The Gurnet was named from the Isle of Guernsey in the English Channel. Away back in 1003 the Norsemen under Beowulf, or Thorwald, as some accounts give it, landed on the island and a clash with the Indians ensued. The Norse leader was mortally wounded and at his request was buried on the Gurnet.

The name Saquish has a strictly American origin. The Indians called it Sagaquis, meaning "place of many clams".

These three islands were granted by King James to the town of Plymouth in 1638, after the Pilgrims had become well established in Plymouth. That is why we pay our taxes to Plymouth.

Early maps show Saquish as an island, bearing many trees. On the ocean side lay Brown's Island, also wooded. Now it is a treacherous reef, only marked by a line of white surf at ebb tide, and having a tragic history of shipwrecks. We are aware of the changes made by winter storms, and it

is not surprising to see on an old map in Pilgrim Hall, drawn in 1774, that Saquish and the Gurnet were then connected, and no longer islands.

### DIFFICULTIES

Nature has been very kind to Saquish, endowing it with a beautiful beach, a little on the cold side, but some people prefer that - a haven for snowy gulls, and the busy little sandpipers - covered with wild roses and fragrant bayberries all summer long. So many things! Then why, one might wonder, did it remain unchanged for such a long time?

I would say that uncertain means of transportation was one reason, and another, the presence of multitudes of mosquitoes.

Saquish may be reached by land or by sea, and I suppose by helicopter, if that were feasible. Formerly, the second method was used most frequently, except for the occasional use of horses and oxen at low tide when trips were made over the beach.

The journey was rather complicated. We would drive to Plymouth, stopping at a local market for provisions, and scan the horizon for what we hoped was a Saquish boat. How glad we were to see Russ Harlow's sturdy gray motor boat! He would stow away our luggage and supplies, sometimes including the family dog or cat. After he had done his own errands, we would head for Saquish. When we were near enough to anchor, everything had to be transferred to the dory, which was attached to the large boat. Then Russ rowed ashore. There would be a few feet of water to cross before reaching dry land, and he always carried his lady passengers ashore piggy-back. That was chivalry. If we were not lucky enough to see Russ, we would usually see someone on the wharf who would take passengers. Among these were Micky Heath and Ally Pierce, both of whom had cottages at Saquish. Then there was Bill Peterson, who later was drowned off Clark's Island.

Once we were taken over to Plymouth by a rum-runner. It happened this way. It was Sunday afternoon, and we had planned to go back to our home near Boston before night. We had engaged Micky Heath, and were ready at the appointed time when we saw Micky's boat half way over to Plymouth. It had happened before - just a lapse of memory, but this time we had to get home before evening. Someone told us that two men had stopped at Saquish for a brief visit and were about to leave for Plymouth. They were willing to take us over. Greatly relieved, we hurried down to the front beach, carrying among other things, the family cat.

Prohibition was in force then, and it was well known that boats laden with liquor came to the three mile limit and were met by local boats which took it ashore. It was soon evident that our boat was manned by rum-runners who had failed to make their contact. Their conversation consisted of descriptions and dark hints of their illegal adventures, and one of them boasted with pride that all his friends were "runners" or "leggers".

My mother was with us, and I watched her uneasily, as the horrible truth dawned upon her. She believed firmly in prohibition, and that laws were made to be obeyed. The men's anecdotes grew wilder, and I whispered to my mother that this was no place for a lecture, but to wait until we had reached the shore. She soon realized that they were trying to shock her, and began to enjoy the situation. We parted in Plymouth, with mutual expressions of good will. My mother took pleasure in telling her friends about meeting a real "legger" and a "runner". She decided that there was one of each, and was surprised that they seemed "nice" and apparently had no weapons.

For several years, Mr. Prince, who owns the Duxbury Garage, has taken passengers to Saquish in a truck that is large enough to carry several people and their luggage and supplies. This eliminates the

trip from the beach to the house. Now, many people own jeeps, especially since World War II, and boats are getting more numerous every year.

I have mentioned the presence of mosquitoes as being the second drawback to progress in the growth of Saquish. This subject deserves more than passing attention. I do not think the early residents of Saquish can ever forget those mosquitoes. A trip to the well was a major project, for which one prepared by putting on heavy clothing, even in hot weather, and carrying branches of bayberries to swish at the advancing hordes. For that is what they were. They would rise up out of the grass and charge at any poor human who ventured out. Their buzzing was terrible to hear. Having reached the well, there was the problem of getting back to the house with a partly full pail of water. Then there had to be a session of brushing off before going inside. Well, that is in the dim past now, and we hope it stays there. Now the breeding places have been drained and sprayed, and in the summer, planes frequently fly over Saquish, spraying it with chemicals.

### HOUSEKEEPING PROBLEMS

One of the most important problems, was that of obtaining supplies, both food and fuel. Rus Harlow made frequent trips to Plymouth and would fill orders and bring mail, unless the weather was unsuitable. Then supplies would dwindle, but it always cleared up before they were quite gone. These occasions were rare, for Russ had a staunch boat and was a very able seaman.

In 1927 a farmer used to drive over from the Gurnet at low tide with milk and vegetables. That was a help. I used to pasteurize the milk by government methods and hope for the best, for we had no refrigeration. I had several schemes, none satisfactory, and finally kept the bottles in pails of cold water.

Some of the cottages had dumb waiters. We had one in our large cottage. It was a large box with shelves - well screened - and could be raised up and down from pantry to cellar by means of a rope and pulley. It was surprising how cool food would keep in it.

Cooking facilities were varied. Many of the cottages had iron ranges, and if they and the chimneys were in good condition, cooking was not too difficult. Nearly everyone had kerosene stoves - some with ovens - and these gave good service, but winter dampness caused them to rust easily.

Water continues to be a problem, but now that many people have jeeps, it is not too much of a project to drive over to Kingston and leave one's laundry there to be picked up later. In a fairly wet season, the rain barrel is a standby. Of course, there is always the well, but for several years the water has been condemned for drinking purposes. Several people have artesian wells and electric generators, which provide light. How-

ever, nature does not seem to have been very fair in distributing water at Saquish, and some people have spent considerable money to locate water, only to find that their land had been passed by.

We had an odd experience two years ago. Someone advertised in the New York Times that he had an in-



fallible method of locating water, if it was to be found. We wrote to him, but not receiving a reply, forgot about it. The next summer were about to have lunch when Mr. Prince brought a visitor. It was the water expert. As we were going to Duxbury in the afternoon we said we would take him over the beach so that Mr. Prince would not have to wait. After lunch my husband and daughter, who were interested in seeing what he would do, went with him. He walked all over our land, even to the beach, with a little gadget he took from his pocket, but nothing happened. Then he rubbed his hands and swung his arms to "get up his power". Suddenly he stopped and announced, "The water is there." We took him to Duxbury, first placing a stone to mark the source of our future water supply. When he left, he said, "Now, if you will give me one hundred dollars, I will be on my way". My husband told him that he could not pay him until he was sure the water was there. We had not asked him to come to Saquish, only for more information.

We know that "dowsing" as it is called, is often successful, but it doesn't always work. They say that if you walk around with a forked apple twig it will turn down very forcibly when you are near water. Not everyone has this mysterious gift, however.

It is not pleasant to think what would happen if there were a fire. Once lightning struck a cottage on the beach. The Plymouth Fire Company responded to a call for help, but by the time it reached Saquish, the fire was out. We have to keep our fingers crossed, and not forget what might happen if a lighted match or cigarette were tossed away.

### TWO IMPORTANT CHANGES

I have told about the problems of keeping house on Saquish, and they were difficult, at times. But that was yesterday. Today, it is different, because

Saquish has become modernized, and is no longer a place where Time stood still.

Mr. Bennett, who owns the attractive cottage on the Duxbury side of Saquish, has a store and post-office at Island Creek, and fills orders and brings mail every day. That is a simple statement, but what a world of meaning it carries! Think of getting groceries, fresh milk and newspapers every day, just by leaving an order in a box at night!

The other change is the introduction of bottled gas by the Duxbury Gas Company. Mr. Shaffer comes one day a week to check the gas tanks, and if requested, will have a supply ready when the owner arrives, and remove the tank at the end of his stay. That is an ideal solution of the food problem - both cooking and refrigeration. And both stoves and refrigerators may be purchased from the Duxbury Gas Company, and installed by them.

### NATURAL RESOURCES OF SAQUISH

As we all know, the Pilgrims learned to use the native products, and undoubtedly the early settlers of Saquish did the same. Saquish, sad to say, is no longer a place of many clams! We used to be able to get a kettle of clams in a few minutes. Some people used a clam hook, but I preferred an old tablespoon, which did not break the shell. The present scarcity of clams is due to wasteful, indiscriminate digging by commercial diggers, who were neither residents nor tax-payers. Now it is necessary to have a license, in order to dig clams in limited quantities.

Fish used to be very plentiful, and there is still enough for moderate use, if you have a boat. The lobster industry is carefully protected, and is carried on by several local men, and some women.

Those who have gardens are successful with both flowers and vegetables. I have heard that there is

a market for seaweed which is used for some industrial purpose. A visitor to Saquish in May is rewarded by seeing thickets of beach plum in full bloom. Later in the season one may make from the ripened fruit that delicious jelly, which seems to taste of salt air and all the mysterious ingredients of sun and wind. Blackberries used to be very plentiful, especially on the Fort, but that land is all owned privately now.

The tides bring up lovely shells, and interesting pieces of driftwood to challenge the creative mind.

### TWO NEW AREAS OF DEVELOPMENT

Two important changes took place in the 1950's, and a veritable population explosion resulted. In the summer of 1950 the area of beach between Saquish and the Gurnet was developed, and about fifty cottages were built. This includes the dunes and the lovely stretch of beach which curves out toward the Gurnet. There are very few stones here and when the tide runs out it leaves little lagoons and streams in which small children can play safely.

In the past, there were a few cottages scattered along the beach, but some have been destroyed by winter storms, including a large one owned by Mr. Chase. There used to be a fish weir that extended out into the ocean, but that is no longer visible. Mr. Anti, who is a fine builder, built his cottage from timbers from the Chase house. Mrs. Dixon, an old time summer resident, came here with her grandchildren as long as her health permitted.

### THE FORT

The other area to be developed was the Fort area. Before the Civil War, most of Saquish belonged to Daniel Burgess who had become prosperous through his farming and fishing interests. He was a bachelor, and an ex-slave woman kept house for him. She is buried near the big rock on the Lowell property. Mr. Burgess accepted the government's offer to

purchase this part of Saquish for a fort, not without reluctance, we are told. He received one thousand dollars for the land, and one thousand dollars for loam which was removed from it. It was the highest point of Saquish, and commanded a wide view. The fort was appropriately named Fort Standish and was built to protect Plymouth in the Civil War. It was commanded by Captain Redman. Later, Sergeant Keefe came from Virginia to be in command. It being December, he considerably left his wife and six children in Plymouth until spring. He visited them occasionally during that winter, walking the nineteen miles.

Sargeant McGarry was in command of Fort Andrews, at the Gurnet. Mrs. Keefe and Mrs. McGarry assisted each other in childbirth, and it is said that on one of these occasions Mrs. McGarry fainted.

After the Civil War ended, the fort was no longer needed, and the buildings were sold. Sargeant Keefe, urged by his children wished to buy a house and settle in Saquish, but his wife firmly refused, and they returned to Plymouth. The buildings were bought by various people and moved to different sites. The house used as officers' headquarters was the largest, and has had several owners. It was bought by Samuel Burgess for \$75 and moved to the center of the island where it now stands. Joseph Thurston paid \$25 for the guard house and moved it to the front beach. The Pest House was sold for ten dollars and moved to the landing. It was eventually torn down. There used to be a boat house further down on the landing that was made from part of the barracks at the fort.

For many years the Fort, as it was still called, was left in its original state, and enjoyed as a pleasant spot from which to watch the boats and the ever changing ocean.

The government offered the area for sale eventually, and it was bought by Mr. Delano of Plymouth,



who subdivided it into building lots.

The Fort has many natural advantages, and I have heard that there are several attractive new cottages there now. As it is all privately owned, I do not know how extensively this development has progressed, but the first two owners, I am told, are Mr. and Mrs. Taylor and Mr. and Mrs. Brumit.

Fort Standish was not the first fort to be built in this vicinity. In 1776 a fort was built on the Gurnet to protect the towns of Plymouth, Kingston, and Duxbury. It was commanded by Captain William Weston, who had a force of sixty men.

In the War of 1812 a British warship anchored off the Gurnet, threatening the fishing fleet which was in the harbor. The fort soldiers fired on the ship and damaged it, which caused it to leave. In 1813, after the news of peace was received, seventy persons walked across the ice and celebrated.

A new fort named Fort Andrews, was built on the Gurnet during the Civil War - Captain Redman was in command of Fort Standish and Fort Andrews at this time.

### EARLY RESIDENTS

I have written about the purchase of the Fort buildings and their removal to other spots on Saquish. One of these, now called the Oceana, was purchased from Joseph Thurston by Mrs. Harney who was born at this fort when her father was in command there. She was Caroline Keefe, and in later years she enjoyed many summers in her pleasant cottage with her family. She could truly be called an "early resident".

The Harlow family built their cottage on the front beach, high on the cliff, in 1909. Previous to that, they came over from Plymouth every summer, and lived in two tents. Their Plymouth home was the lovely Old Harlow House, one of the oldest in

Plymouth. Russ was a schoolboy then, and started a lobster business, which he carried on successfully until recently. His mother was very clever in coping with Saquish problems, even devising a method to keep out mosquitoes.

When Mrs. Harlow became ill, Edna Locus cared for her, and at her death Edna stayed on and kept house for Russ. She was a good neighbor and a good friend, always ready to help others. Her death in 1959 was deeply regretted by all who knew her.

Russ was often called the "Mayor of Saquish" and "Skipper", and his opinion was frequently sought in difficult situations. His judgment was good, and his decisions fair. He owned several cottages on the front beach, and built very fine dories. Because of poor health, he sold his Saquish property recently, and has spent his winters in Florida.

I have heard, very recently, that Russ passed on in the spring of 1964. To those of us who remember him as a healthy, robust man, always genial and ready to joke, this comes as a great shock. Saquish will not seem the same without him, and he will be missed, for he had the respect and good will of everyone.

The "Magnet" was built in 1910 by Mr. and Mrs. Howard Rushton and Mrs. Rushton's two brothers, Harry and Francis Clemons. They were all Saquish enthusiasts, and the house is still in the family. It belongs to Peggy Rushton Sayce and Barbara Clemons Sayce, who share their parents' love for Saquish. They have happy memories of long summers spent there with their brothers, David Clemons and Melvin and Cabot Rushton. Now the third generation enjoy it as they did.

Harry Clemons eventually bought a lot next to the Fort, and built a small cottage there. Finding transportation too difficult, he rented it for several years to Ira Penniman, of Medfield, who finally bought it. At his death, it became the property of his son, Edwin Penniman, who enlarged and improved it. Mr. and Mrs. Penniman and their children, Jean and Donald, were popular members of the summer group. When the Pennimans moved to Florida, Mr. and Mrs. Miller, of Wellesley, bought the cottage, and with the Dutton family spent their vacations there. Mrs. Dutton was Jacky Miller. In 1963 Harry Dutton and his family moved to the New York area; but we hope to see them frequently.

Other early residents were Mr. Crowell and his family, who bought the largest house of the Fort buildings from Samuel Burgess, in 1902. Mr. Crowell was the pastor of the Congregational Church in Kingston. He was actively interested in Saquish, and made a map of the area for Mr. Burgess.

In 1915 he sold the house to James Homer of Brookline. Mr. Homer owned an antique shop in that town, and in his younger days was a member of the quartette that sang in "The Old Homestead", a popular melodrama of that period.

In 1929 Peter Hamilton bought this property from Mr. Homer. The following year a business change compelled him to move to New Jersey, but the family continued to visit Saquish whenever possible. For several years Mr. Hamilton's engineering duties took him to foreign lands, and the old house acquired the unpleasant reputation of being haunted. Being unoccupied, and lacking police protection it suffered from vandalism, but it was evident that the "ghosts" were human.

Near the Miller cottage is one of the more recent ones and is owned by Mrs. Walker of Duxbury.

The Bennett house was built by Russell Brown, a

cracker salesman, who later became a psychiatrist. This versatile gentleman once brought his wife over from Kingston in a dory. It must have rained for she got very wet, and refused to visit Saquish again. Mr. Brown sold the house to Mr. George and his sisters from Attleboro, and it was known for some years as the "George Cottage". They sold it to Dr. Noyes, of Duxbury, who enlarged and improved it. Mr. Bennett, the next owner, continued the improvements, and made it into the charming modern house it is now.

Miss Ford belongs on our list of early residents. She was a very successful teacher in Milford High School, and spent her long summer vacations at Saquish. Mr. and Mrs. Hawes lived in the next cottage. Mrs. Hawes and Miss Ford were cousins. It was with sorrow that we learned of Miss Ford's death November 8, 1961. We shall always remember her friendly personality and cheerful manner. A very brilliant woman, she served on national educational committees. Before she bought it, her cottage was known as the Mantor place, and was used as a fish house. Miss Ford transformed it into a very comfortable attractive cottage. It belongs now to Mr. and Mrs. Bosworth of Halifax. Mr. Bosworth is also a teacher.



MISS FORD and  
FRIEND

Elisha Sampson was another early resident. He chose a beautiful location at the point, looking toward Plymouth and the Bug Light. He was a fine mason, and built many of the fireplaces in the area. His daughter Ruth, a teacher, owned a cottage nearby. Mr. Sampson's house belongs now to Dr. Beard, of Wellesley.

The LePorte cottage is one of the earliest in Saquish. Harvey LePorte often used to bring a group of his friends with him, and they built the stone stairway from the beach to the Cliff. They were real pioneers, and Harvey was the first one to drive a car over the beach. His children have continued to enjoy the cottage, and it is owned now by his son and daughter.

One of the men who came with Harvey on his trips, Mr. Dean, bought the cottage behind it, then owned by Peter Hamilton, and has enlarged it.

There used to be a tiny cottage near Mr. Harlow's, which was known as "Mr. Ames' house". It was as compact and neat as an efficiency apartment. Every spring, in May, Mr. Ames came from Santa Barbara, California, and stayed here until cool weather. He was a real part of Saquish life at that time.

The Luce family owned a cozy little house toward the fort, and came for several summers. Unfortunately, on one of their trips home, and incidentally their last trip, Mr. Luce, who was another early driver over the beach, went over a bump, and Mrs. Luce hit her head. That ended their Saquish vacations and Mr. Harlow bought their house. He rented it for several summers, then sold it to Mrs. Wilburn.

Next to Mr. Dean's house is the cottage owned by the Wintersons. They bought it from Mr. Holmes, of Plymouth, who rented it for several seasons. Among his tenants were the Ross family of Needham, the Millers, Duttons, Rowleys, Sterls, and many others, including the Spencers with their six sons.

The "Alice" has an interesting background. It was once a freight barge, which was driven ashore in a storm in the winter of 1926, and became the property of the government. It bore the name "Alice". Russ Harlow bought it, and from its ample deckhouse built a substantial cottage, very comfortable and attractive. From its stout old timbers, benches and

chairs were made - and the original name placed over the door. And so the "Alice" passed into a new phase of usefulness, and I think the lady for whom it was named would be quite proud if she could see it.

Mr. and Mrs. Pasco bought the pretty red cottage on the edge of the Cliff formerly owned by Mr. Ranney of Boston. Mrs. Pasco was Nellie Pierce. Her brother Franklin and she lived with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Ally Pierce, on the inside beach. Mr. Pierce was in the lobster business, which he continued with his son, when they eventually moved to Plymouth. Nellie too has her own boat and lobster traps, and enjoys going out for lobsters at Saquish.

The Martinique owned by James Martin of Plymouth, is further down the Cliff, next to the "Oceana", where Mrs. Harney lived. The Burns cottage, which is a good-sized house, used to be the last house before coming to the dunes. The road curves back to the well, past the houses formerly owned by Micky Heath and Nate Sampson. On the other side is Austin Lowell's house, very modern and comfortable. He bought it from Mr. Douglas, a former postmaster of Plymouth and a brother-in-law of Edna Lucas. Mr. Hunt owns the red cottage near the Lowell house. It was built by Mrs. Frye, and later owners were the Lowell family, Dr. Baker, and Mrs. Holland. Mr. Hunt has remodeled it, and added modern conveniences. Friends of Mr. and Mrs. Hunt, the Greenhatch family, own a cottage next to the Hunts.

Mrs. Holland used to live in the "Crows' Nest", which she purchased from Mr. Crowell. Mr. Schwab of Duxbury was the next owner.

Miss Ford built a small cottage up the hill, a short distance from her own. After renting this for a few summers she sold it to the Shaffers, who sold it to their daughter and her husband, Mr. and Mrs. Slayton. Mr. Bennett is the present owner. He also owns the house next his own.

The house on the Point, toward Clark's Island, used to be known as the Pfeiffer place. Mr. Pfeiffer was keeper of the Bug Light, and used to row out to it every morning. His wife made and sold beautiful rugs and quilts. The Eldridge family lived there for some years, then it was purchased by Mr. Bennett, who has made it into a very attractive place, in a beautiful setting.

No account of the period including the 1920's would be complete without including Mrs. Hood and her family. She and her daughters, Janet and Nancy, usually stayed in one of Mr. Harlow's houses. Now Janet is Dr. Van Orden, and comes every summer with her family. Her husband is a physician also.

Mrs. Welburn is a sister of Mrs. Hood and owns a cottage which formerly belonged to Russ Harlow. Mr. and Mrs. Cruikshank are related to Mrs. Hood, and they too have spent many vacations at Saquish. Their daughter purchased one of Mr. Harlow's houses recently.

The Campbell family came to Saquish for many summers, and stayed at Mr. Ranney's house, where Mrs. Campbell's sister was housekeeper. She was Miss Morris. She was interested in dramatics and literature, and assisted in presenting the Plymouth pageant in 1920. The three children, Ted, June, and "Sister" were popular members of the young people's group. When Ted lost his life in a naval battle during the recent war, everyone was saddened, and felt deep sympathy for the family.

### RECREATION

Whenever Saquish is mentioned in our area, the first question is "Where is it?" Plymouth and Cape Cod they know. But Saquish? Even when I tell them that you go to Duxbury, cross Powder Point Bridge, and just keep going, they still look bewildered. Perhaps they wonder if they will need pontoons on their cars. Some people ask if Saquish has a



Woman's Club. Well, the wheels of progress keep turning, and sometimes don't know where to stop. Maybe sometime there will be a Saquish Woman's Club, and even a Federation Convention will be held there. But for now, the summer residents seem content to enjoy the simple life.

Saquish is an ideal vacation spot for families, and there are many children whose parents came there when they were small. The beach is safe - no undertow - and the water is shallow for some distance.

In leisure hours, recreation centers around the beach. At high tide the bathers congregate there and enjoy the clean salt water which is exhilarating if cold. At low tide, it is pleasant to take walks on the hard sand and look for shells. If you are lucky, you may find sea clams.

People visit, go fishing and sailing, and water skiing is becoming popular. We sometimes had picnic suppers and hot dog roasts, followed by singing around a campfire.

Baseball was popular, among the boys and girls, as well as the men. There used to be games between the Saquish Lobsters and the Gurnet Crabs that were the highlights of the summer.

Those who desire privacy and the opportunity to work on special projects feel free to do so. Our friend, Marion Miller, a well-known Wellesley artist, for many years a Saquish enthusiast, enjoys sketching

and photographing the dunes and beaches, and some of her choicest paintings are of these subjects, and are widely exhibited.

The sunsets in the western sky, and the sight of a full moon rising out of the sea in the east - are memorable sights.

Of course if you own a cottage there is always something to do - but it's interesting to have a project on hand.

All this adds up to a wholesome, relaxing vacation for people of all ages, and may it stay that way. One hopes that the youth of tomorrow will enjoy the pleasures to be found here and never get into the way of buying second hand space ships and go star-hopping among the Pleiades. For their parents' sakes, I hope not!

### OLD LANDMARKS

The Gurnet Light has quite a history. When it was repaired after being hit by a British shot in the War of 1812, it was replaced by twin lights, which remained until 1924. These two lights shone like twin stars, and always seemed more interesting than the present light with its intermittent flashes. There was something very steady and reassuring about those lights.

On the other side of Saquish is a large light-house known as the "Bug Light". It is off shore, and has been there for a long time, but I do not know the origin of the name. It is officially called the Duxbury Pier Light.

There is a mysterious story about the Fort which if true, should have been included with the chapter on "Early Residents". It is said that, after the fort was no longer used, a fisherman and his wife set up housekeeping in some underground chambers, and that their belongings may still be

found there.

Another story was about a tunnel that reached from the Fort to the basement of the house used as officers' headquarters. It was said that after a battle, the wounded were carried through the tunnel to the house, where they were cared for by army nurses. But I could find no account of either battles or nurses, except the valiant Mrs. Keefe and Mrs. McGarry, who had their hands full caring for each other.

There was another old landmark that unfortunately has passed into oblivion. It was an old farmhouse, known as the Hanks house, and it belonged to Benjamin Hanks, whose name appears in the copy of the old title shown elsewhere in this book. It was slowly deteriorating when I first saw it, standing in a thicket of lilac bushes. I wanted to go through it, but it was unsafe even then, and now there is nothing to show that it was even there, except the lilacs and tiger lilies. There used to be old-fashioned red roses, but they are gone. Planted by whom, I wonder? There is something very sad about the decay of an old house, whose occupants knew all the joys and sorrows which are known to all who go through this experience which we call Life.

There was something special about this old house. Benjamin Hanks lived there, then sold it to Lazarus LeBaron. How he got the material for the "house, barn, and fences" as described in the deed, it is difficult to imagine. After living there for four years, his pioneer spirit heeding the call of the West, led Mr. Hanks to settle there, and 63 years later, Abraham Lincoln, his great, great grandson was born.

Perhaps the experience in overcoming difficulties which he encountered at Saquish, had a part in molding the strong character which appeared later in his revered descendant. The old house

succumbed in 1936, but the lilacs live on, a symbol of immortality. It has been truly said that the hearts of New Englanders are as deeply rooted within native soil as their old lilac bushes.

Education must have been a problem, but it was not forgotten. The children were rowed across to Plymouth whenever possible, and eventually a school house was built on the Gurnet for children of both Saquish and the Gurnet.

I wish that it might have been preserved and included with our old landmarks, but apparently there is no trace of it now. We can imagine a little one-room schoolhouse for children of all ages, presided over by a young teacher, probably no older than some of her pupils, but full of dedication to her work, and good intentions. It is safe to assume that their school day started with a prayer and Bible reading, and that they were unharmed by it.

And so Saquish grew, slowly at first, very slowly, but today it is different from the Saquish we knew. Change is inevitable; that is progress, and if we sometimes feel nostalgia for the old days, we must remember that the improved conditions make life at Saquish much easier. Everything demands a price, and I do not think that Life has many bargains. We still have the sunsets, the wild roses, bayberries, and snowy gulls.

The future is always a journey into the unknown. If it looks grim sometimes, let us recall those pioneers who lighted their one small candle in the wilderness, and supported by their faith in God and determination to make a better world for their children, left us this beautiful land.

We must remember that to every new generation the story of these early settlers is new and fresh, and do not let it be forgotten.

They had the courage to create homes and rear

families under great difficulties, and have passed the torch on to us. Their small candle has shed its light over the whole world. Let us be worthy of it!

